

Unexpected Packages

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The wedding bells were primed to ring for Gamagoori and Mako when their doorbell rang before it, giving them an unexpected, ahead-of-schedule surprise that they hoped would come after they tied the knot.

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[Introduction](#)

[Unexpected Packages](#)

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Mako didn't understand why she found herself face down in her toilet at three in the morning with the biggest stomach ache of her entire life. Her body felt like it got beaten up like she did during high school. She didn't understand why all of this was happening, and it upset her more that she needed to puke up what little remained in her stomach, bile following her vomit as she sat on her knees praying to the porcelain throne.

Back inside their bedroom, Gamagoori slept soundlessly, as she hoped he would stay. He didn't need to worry about her stomach bug anymore then he needed to worry about breaking her while doing her.

He had enough to worry about anyway; his job with Satsuki and the newly reorganized and renamed REVOCS, now named HAVOCS thanks to Ryuuko's ideas, had him under pressure near constantly as chief of security and personal defense. Coming home partly exhausted every day, ready to simply spend the rest of the day cuddled up with her and replenishing his strength and alertness with her cooking and company.

He had a longer shift yesterday due to Ryuuko's arrival from Europe after settling the issues coming from their Germany office and making deals for their next office in Italy. Security went up to high alert as one of their bosses returned to paparazzi and media storms over what had conspired in Europe. His energy drained to near zero, he simply took dinner with her and tried to catch some sleep before he paid attention to her, sexual or otherwise.

As the, hopefully, last round of dry heaving ended, Mako rested on the rim of the toilet, exhaustion setting from different sources. She flushed away her regurgitated dinner and midnight snack and tried to close her eyes to find some relief for her sudden overbearing weight of tiredness. The coolness of the porcelain toilet felt perfect on her

flushed skin, and she slipped into sleep, but only for a moment before her stomach rolled over and another wave of vomit and bile rushed out for an exit. She had just enough time to sit up and lean over the bowl before she drowned in it.

She couldn't hear the creak of the bed over her vomiting, but registered the sound of the door squeaking open, Gamagoori's warm hand finding a spot on her back. He did not say anything until Mako's abusive stomach finally stopped expelling its contents.

"Mako, what's happening?"

Mako moaned a bit, resting her forehead on the cold rim once more. "I don't know, I've been puking for I don't know how long and my body hurts and I'm exhausted but I can't stop hurling."

Gamagoori's face softened, his hand rubbing her back as she panted softly. "We'll need to see a doctor about this. We can't have you sick on the big day."

Mako huffed and sat up, rubbing her eyes. "Of course not! I can't be sick when I go down the aisle! I don't want puke on my wedding dress or on you, that would be horrifying and disgusting, but we can't go now. It's really early in the morning, no one's open."

Gamagoori kissed her forehead softly, brushing aside some hair stuck to her sweaty cheeks. "You're right, it's almost four in the morning. I'll talk with Satsuki, see if I can set up an appointment as early as possible. Until then, time for you to get some sleep."

Mako let Gamagoori pick her up princess style, cuddling up to her chest before hitting the bed, curling up into the blankets and a pillow tucked between her arms. She immediately fell asleep, exhaustion taking her under into a dreamless void. Gamagoori did not immediately follow her, as said earlier, simply watching her sleep for a moment. Although she still had flushed cheeks and sweat dripping down her face, she looked fine. He knew not to believe such observations but it brought up questions he couldn't answer. He

wiped some of the sweat from her brow and pulled the blanket up to her chin, smiling as she sighed and shifted around, finally finding comfort in her sleep.

He hoped that what was ailing her could be fixed or at least handled through their wedding. After over a year of waiting and planning, their wedding came incredibly close to what they dreamed to do, save a few things they were unable to get. For it to be ruined in one wave of vomit and the worst embarrassment of the century; Gamagoori didn't want to see their dream drowned in the aftermath if such happened. Mako deserved her big day as much as he does. They wanted this day to go perfect, as Mako dreamed it to be, and go without an issue or trip. He would have to figure out, or the doctor in this case, how to hold back or cure this sickness for six days, at least until their wedding was completed. They had six days, and less than one until their respective bachelor-bachelorette parties.

He picked up his phone and walked out on to their second floor balcony, speed-dialing Satsuki in hopes that she would forgive him for such a late phone call. It rang twice before his call got picked up.

"Good evening, Gamagoori." Satsuki's sounded calm and collected despite the early hour.

"Forgive me for the early call, but something urgent has come up."

"Urgent?"

"I found Mako throwing up not five minutes ago in our bathroom."

Shuffling and rustling could be heard over the other end of the phone, signalling movement on Satsuki's end. He knew she would be recording this for future reference. "Any clue how long she was vomiting tonight?"

"From what I can tell, near an hour. Most likely she sat in front of the toilet to collect herself and sleep more than vomit, but I can't be sure."

"Is this the first time you've encountered her like this?"

Gamagoori thought back, realizing that tonight wasn't the first. "No. Now that I look back, a few nights ago she bolted into the bathroom. Came out ten minutes later looking tired and clammy, but claimed she simply needed to pee and calm frayed nerves. I didn't want to push the issue with how she looked."

"She'll be in with her mother's doctor at ten o'clock this morning to lessen paperwork and data issues. Her father would be who I would send you to, but he's still getting an official license for practice. Make sure she doesn't drink anything before you leave for the appointment, and make sure she's comfortable at all costs."

Gamagoori sighed in relief. "Thank you, La- ehem, Satsuki."

"None of you will kick that habit, will you?" He could hear the smirk in her voice.

"It still is befitting to your position, besides it is second nature now. You don't stop calling someone such a high title after using it for years."

Satsuki laughed softly. "Get some sleep, Gamagoori. You'll have paid leave until this issue is resolved with her. Your leave for your honeymoon and wedding is still valid, of course, so if this illness bleeds into it, there won't be any taken days. Call me once you figure out what is happening with her, or have the doctor send me the results."

"Of course. One more question, Satsuki, if I may ask."

"You may."

"Seeing that is now four o'three in the morning, did I per chance wake you?"

He met silence for a moment before Satsuki answered, her voice softer. "No. A rough memory interrupted my sleep, nothing more than a flashback of the war. Your call came well-timed. My mind is calm courtesy of this chat, so I should be thanking you for your efforts."

"I'm glad I could be of service again," Gamagoori chuckled, "And I think I'll take up that notion on sleeping."

"So shall I. Goodnight, Gamagoori."

"Goodnight."

Powering off his smartphone, he set it on the nightstand nearest him, climbed into bed and wrapped his arms around Mako as she sought out his warmth, curling up against his chest like a cat. With peace in his mind on his plan in the morning, Gamagoori let his eyes fall and let his mind relax back into standby mode, sleep finding him once more.

Mako bolted out of her sleep as the smell of strawberries ran though the halls into the room, one of Gamagoori's button up shirts covering her body besides her underwear. She jumped on the banister and slid down their flight of stairs, hopping off before the decorative balls on the end could collide with her body. Gamagoori set down her plate as he predicted just as she bounced into a chair, fork and knife appearing within her hands.

"What's on the menu, ooooooh! Crepes! Did Soroi give you the recipe?" Mako asked, quickly digging in to the French breakfast cuisine placed before her. Gamagoori joined her promptly across from her, digging into his breakfast as Mako finished her first plate. Prepared as usual, as this became routine since last week, a plate appeared for her topped with the crepes he made earlier. He set it between them and Mako practically dove for it.

"Actually Ryuuko did, while she worked with HAVOCS to rebuild in Europe. Brought back the recipe for you while you were helping

Nonon, so I added it to our collection."

Mako hummed in approval, smiling like she had eaten fruit from Heaven. "This is really good, the strawberries taste perfect, you're a cooking master."

"I can't beat your mother's mystery croquettes, so a step from a master."

Mako slammed her hands down, utensils locked under them. "You got close that one time! Are you keeping up with my mom's instructions and lessons?"

"Every Saturday evening. I'm improving every day." Gamagoori replied with a smile, swallowing down the rest of his meal. Mako eyes lit up, her hands in front of her in fists.

"Then you'll soon be a true master at cooking! Your baking is an entire different rank because you know sweets like you know me!"

Gamagoori blushed. "Thank you Mako. Maybe once this illness issue is dealt with, I can make something for us."

Mako giggled, pushing her empty plates to the middle of the table. "Baking may have to wait until the end of the wedding! Oh, speaking of the, the uh puking thing... nothing so far this morning, which is-"

Gamagoori was on his feet as quickly as Mako ran for the bathroom, the sound of retching and liquids splatting following her. Gamagoori pushed the partly open door and knelt next to Mako as she threw up her large breakfast down the drain. Mako groaned as the initial wave stopped, resting on the rim as she did that night.

"So close yet no luck." Mako moaned, tapping her forehead against the toilet seat, "plus that breakfast tasted amazing and it was made by Ira."

"It's alright, Mako. It's okay, I have you." Gamagoori told her, rubbing a hand up and down her back in an attempt to comfort her. Mako smiled weakly at him before turning back to the toilet, and went for round two in her vomiting.

Once Mako could leave the sanctity of the bathroom, they packed what they needed and headed for their appointment. They did not need to fill out any paper, for Sukuyo had files on record and Satsuki sent over Mako's files just in case, and the nurse for her visit led them inside, explaining that their visit was an honor for their office.

"It's nothing, it's nothing!," Mako urged as she sat up on the medical bed in their room, "I'm just happy we could get in so quickly."

"Well, what seems to be going on?"

Mako looked over to Gamagoori quickly, getting a nod from him. It wasn't his place to explain her illnesses. Mako cleared her throat. "I've been nauseous and tired a lot without an explanation."

The nurse quietly took notes. "Alright, how bad is your vomiting?"

"It happens a lot in the early morning and when I eat sometimes."

More notes. "Any blood?"

Mako shook her head. "No, but it takes a while for a stomach to stop heaving so much."

"And the sleeping issue?"

"I sleep more than normal! Sometimes, I fall asleep even though I'm wide awake, even at the most random times too. Oh, I'm also sore a lot... everywhere, and I'm hungrier most of the time."

"Which is huge in her case." Gamagoori added. Mako nodded quickly, smiling at him. He squeezed her offered hand and looked toward the nurse, who looked longingly at them.

The nurse smiled behind her clip board, and directed her attention to the other half of the couple. "I can safely assume it's only effecting her, correct?"

"Yes, you're correct." Gamagoori replied.

The nurse took her final notes and tucked the clipboard under her arm. "Alright, that's all I need now. The doctor will be here in a few minutes."

Mako waited patiently for the doctor to return with their final tests, constantly moving something to keep her anticipation from hitting high levels. Gamagoori still looked stunned in his chair, hands still holding his head as he tried to compute what just went down with their physician.

All the doctor could do was laugh at their information, calming them that is was a serious issue, as she broke the news to them that Mako was showing symptoms for a pregnancy. Gamagoori near had a heart attack when the news broke, but he held strong as Mako exclaimed her surprise, and honest enthusiasm for the prospect of them having a child. He still needed to accept it completely, which is why they opted for both a pregnancy test and a few odd tests to confirm it.

The pregnancy test showed positive, and they were waiting for the last of the tests to confirm it.

"Ira..."

Gamagoori let a long breath out and look at Mako, who had tears in her eyes. He sprung to his feet and wipe them away as she grabbed on of his hands.

"Do you think we're ready for this?"

Gamagoori kissed her forehead, his mind now clear of the initial shock. "It's your body, and our child is in you. What do you want to do?"

Mako set her hands against her stomach, eyes shimmering in tears again. "I want to keep it, but what about you? You're part of this too, you know."

"I'm not the one with a child growing in me. I can't end this pregnancy, only you can. I simply add in my thoughts." Gamagoori told her, running his hand down from her head to her hands, a smile on his face, "If you're ready for this, I'll be there for you and our baby one hundred and ten percent, as I've always tried."

Mako couldn't help but cry, leaning into her to-be husband's embrace and losing herself in the warmth of the arms around her. Gamagoori hummed happily and continued to kiss Mako's forehead, getting her to giggle as her forehead became covered in his little kisses.

"Stop it, stop it!" Mako playfully begged, pushing against Gamagoori's chest. He backed up and chuckled as Mako pouted, but grabbed him by his shirt, and pulled him close again, kissing him quickly. As they parted and took their respective spots next to each other, the doctor returned with their results.

"Same as the first test, all positive or in their zones for the first trimester of pregnancy. Congratulations Ms. Mankanshoku, you're expecting."

The doctor handed Gamagoori the results, and then handed Mako a bag filled with prescription bottles. "I've taken the responsibility to get you a few vitamins and things to help you with the cramps to come, the pain, and any discomfort as the baby grows and your body changes for these first few weeks. Refills are already ready just in case."

Mako gladly took the bag in her arms. "Thank you! Um, we also have one thing to ask you."

"Alright."

"We're getting married in six days, and I'm having my bachelorette party tonight. Will we still be able to go through with it?"

The doctor hummed in thought. "You're still very early in your pregnancy, about four weeks. You shouldn't have to worry about your wedding, just keep some food down to a minimum like shellfish, certain things with caffeine, and absolutely no alcohol. Just monitor carefully what you eat, cut out alcohol and you should be fine. Also, certain types of stress on your mind and body will have to be controlled, but I can give you that information during your next checkup. Your pregnancy has an incredibly low risk for issues from what we ran, so you have more leniency than most."

"Alright so no alcohol, limit a bunch of foods, keep caffeine to a low right?" Mako asked. The doctor nodded.

"Keep to that, get plenty of rest and take what I gave you as instructed and you should be fine for a few weeks. I'll be faxing you the schedules for your checkups and possible times for ultrasounds as well as tests that I would recommend to take for the health of your baby."

"I'll make sure she'll follow them." Gamagoori told her. The doctor nodded in approval, and opened the door.

"I hope your wedding goes amazing."

Mako beamed. "I know it will! This news will make it even better."

The doctor thanked them for coming in and lead them out, waving goodbye as Mako skipped ahead, chanting their news before piling into the car. Gamagoori realized through the entire ride back, Mako was smiling from ear to ear. When they eventually got home after picking up some lunch, Mako couldn't hold her excitement back and jumped for the phone as they walked in, dialing Ryuuko to tell her the news.

"Wouldn't it be a bigger surprise if I told everyone at my party tonight?" Mako thought out loud, jumping to her feet and stepping away from the counter. Gamagoori sighed and patted Mako's head. She giggled and looked up at him, grabbing his free hand as he set down the test results from the doctors.

"So... celebratory things now?"

Gamagoori couldn't keep it together and grabbed Mako and brought her up into the air, cradling her up in his arms so she sat on them in the air. She couldn't hold in her excitement and hugged his head, relieved to know that he was excited for this as well.

"You sure you're ready for this, Ira?" Mako asked as she was set down on the counter, flipping through the results and skimming through them.

"I'm... apprehensive, to be honest. We didn't plan for this, and I'm worried I won't be a good enough father."

Mako's expression softened as Gamagoori came up beside her, worry crossing her face. "Don't worry, Ira. You have a long time to prepare for it, so don't fear! You may not have grown up with one, but you have people you can go to for help."

Gamagoori looked up at her smiled, leaning his head on her as his earlier happy disposition returned. He could accept that answer for the moment. "Thank you."

"Of course! Now, can you make me something with ice cream for celebration?"

"You're sitting on the counter into the kitchen, you can do that yourself!"

"Who's expecting?!"

Gamagoori sighed and agreed to get what Mako requested, kissing her quickly before moving toward the freezer to fix each of them some celebratory ice cream.

"Mako, hold it! Your dress is bunched up in the back."

"Ah! Thank you Ira! Oh, there they are! I got to go."

"Have fun. Don't let me find you with strippers."

"I wouldn't think about it, you crazy giant! I love you, have fun!"

Mako jogged as quickly as she could down her house steps as the door of her limo opened, Ryuuko's head poking out.

"Come on! You're going to be last in for your party!"

Mako huffed and climbed in quickly, settling in besides Satsuki as the limo rolled on toward the club they chose for her bachelorette party. Nonon gave her a disapproving look, most likely because she was seated somewhere not next to Satsuki, but she relaxed as she accepted it was only for the drive. The drive, which took not long which Mako was glad for, ended as they finally were released to the front doors. Mako couldn't keep from bouncing in besides her friends.

She wondered how many of them would not believe her news.

After a half hour of expected wildness, several orders of drinks in advance (Mako somehow kept the fact that she wasn't ordering alcohol hidden), and one mishap where someone got bitchslapped for groping Hakodate's ass, they finally settled into the half-circle set of couches reserves for them. Mako readjusted her fake tiara and mock veil, happy that the club had provided a perfect prop to ID her and her party.

Mako knew her time finally came, and she stood and faced her girl crowd.

"I have something for you guys in the form of news!" she shouted, her voice carrying over the music enough for them to hear.

Everyone leaned in, curious as cats to her news. The music quieted enough for Mako to speak normally. She clapped her hands in front of her face, trying to calm her sudden overactive excitement. As she calmed down enough to speak correctly, she lowered her hands, and smiled softly. Tension pulled everyone toward her as she finally broke the news.

"I'm pregnant."

Without a second's hesitation, Ryuuko reacted, standing up and knocking her drink to the floor, looking flabbergasted, amazed, and skeptical. The others followed suit with exclamations of surprise and torrents of questions, all fighting to get their questions over one another.

"HOLD IT!" Nonon yelled, silencing everyone, "When the hell did this happen?"

Satsuki flinched, and covered her mouth as she finally connected the dots, figuring out on her own. All eyes turned to Satsuki, who could not explain for her stunned expression. Mako smiled and patted Satsuki before going for her purse and pulling out her pregnancy test she'd hidden inside. She placed it in Satsuki's hands, and everyone went silent as they looked at the test.

"The doctor that Satsuki set me up with confirmed it this morning, when I went in for what I thought was a stomach issue," Mako explained calmly, "Turns out it was my symptoms. As of this morning, I'm five weeks pregnant."

Ryuuko, once again, reacted first, hugging Mako as tears suddenly fell from the rebel's eyes, words of congratulations falling from her

lips. Mako hugged Ryuuko back with a laugh, bestowing the title of godmother on to her greatest friend there in front of an audience. Everyone crowded around her, giving their upmost respect and congratulations as the night went on.

"Explains why you weren't ordering anything with alcohol." Hakodate pointed out, earning a dramatic gasp from Mako.

"I thought I hid it well!" Mako exclaimed, pouting as she took her seat, sipping at her drink. Everyone shared laughs and the night went on without another hitch, and Mako was glad for it. Her pregnancy news now in the open, she felt much better about her coming wedding and her long nine months carrying her and Gamagoori's child.

Satsuki cleared her throat near the end of their night, raising her glass of champagne. "I'd like to propose a toast to the bride and mother-to-be."

Everyone's glass went up, Mako joining last as she planned.

"To a beautiful wedding day and a long, prosperous marriage. To Mako!"

"To Mako!" everyone cheered, taking one quick drink. The toast continued with Ryuuko, who stood proudly and partly buzzed next to her sister.

"And to her child. Let's hope that it won't be cursed with huge ass eyebrows. To the hope of its eyebrow!"

Everyone couldn't hold back laughter as they toasted to the hope of small eyebrows for Mako's baby. Everyone raised a toast to various things, the list now at a fabulous marriage, the hope for smaller eyebrows on Mako's child, a peaceful life without Ira breaking their house, Mako's health (the classic taken by Hakodate), and the health of their sex life. Mako was currently curled up, trying to

recover from Maiko's toast for her continued sex life. Everyone bought another round of drinks to recover.

Mako found her voice once the drinks were delivered, took a quick drink of her non-alcoholic drink, and stood.

"I would like to toast to all of you, for everything and your support. To you crazy girls who are lucky to be drinking alcohol!"

Everyone rose their glasses. "TO ALCOHOL!"

Mako chuckled. "And to the next stages of Ira and I's lives. To our child, hopefully I can keep you from corrupting it!"

Everyone laughed as they toasted again. Nonon giggled after swallowing. "To the little tadpole."

"Tadpole! There, we have a nickname! Either that or a baby bunny." Ryuuko howled, tipping back the rest of her drink. Mako hid her face behind her purse, but couldn't help but laugh at the idea of calling her children little tadpoles or bunnies.

"Can you call them bunnies?" Mako asked before they went home to sleep, the alcohol taking effect quickly.

Everyone agreed that they would call Mako's child a bunny, and Mako couldn't wait to tell Gamagoori about the new little nickname.